DIALOGUES.

Dux fœmina facti.

AS Jove, who Guardian of this Iſle,
Long view'd our City with a ſmile,
His daily favours ſtill did ſend us,
'Twas all in vain, he could not mend us,
At length, his love being turn'd to hate,
He left Kilkenny to it's fate.
Then Satan, Pomp and Pride,
With all the vagrant train beſide,
Of paſſions vile, were ſent a curſe,
To make a *dirty fellow* worſe:
Rais'd Pimps and Raſcals, Bawds and Whores,
And kick'd poor Juſtice out of doors.
'Twas then the *Madam, Dutcheſs*, Queen,
No matter by which name ſhe's ſeen;
But this we know, nor farther boaſt,
At Ormond-houſe ſhe rules the Roaſt.
'Twas then, that ſhe, with anguiſh preſt,
Withdrew for bed, but not to reſt,
By maids unrob'd as ſtate requir'd,
They laid her down, and then retir'd.

But ah! the mind, not ſo, not bleſt,
Still, ſtill in all it's horrors dreſt:
Nor Pomp, nor Riches, Pride, nor Power,
Can flatter ſleep one ſingle hour.
Silence now reign'd, in awful ſtate,
Silence thou terror of the Great;
Stript of our pomp, we own thy rod,
And mortals feel there is a God.
But now, a diſtant hollow ſound,
As if from caverns under ground,
Had thro' the key-hole whiſp'ring ſtole,
To ſink the mind, and haunt the ſoul;
Each plaintive blaſt in murmurs weep,
The heart beats high, the muſcles creep:
The world had now near loſt a treaſure,
A Vot'ry to it's darling pleaſure;
She'd almoſt deign'd, upon reflection,
To think ſhe was not all perfection,
That the ſame Being did create,
Her and the Beggar at her gate;
And, while her mind was thus diſtreſs'd,
Her Kitchen-maid enjoy'd her reſt.
But Nickey, ever on the watch,
In fear that Providence might ſnatch,
A tutor'd agent from his train,
And not ſupply her place again,
Seeing the Danger now ariſe,
Reſolv'd to take her by ſurpriſe,
Shot from his quiver, ſlung behind,
A gleam of Pomp acroſs her mind,
And as the blow he did purſue,
A flattering world aroſe in view.

The Sun had now quite ſlept it out,
And having turn'd him round about,
Emerging from his wat'ry bed,
In Eaſtern ſky he rais'd his head,
And rous'd this buſy world again,
Some folks to pleaſure, ſome to pain:
But, as we do not mean our diction
Shou'd have to do with Poet's fiction,
The ſimple truth being always beſt,
In ſhort, 'twas day, and ſhe was dreſt.
Then having made her croſſes twice,
And ſaid her Ave Maria thrice,
She rung the bell for her *Confeſſor*
That he might ſpread his hands and bleſs her.
There is a certain private place,
Where ſome may go by ſpecial grace,
Juſt at the end of a long gallery,
Which wicked wags by way of raillery,
Have call'd a *purger* for the ſoul,
At other times, *The whiſp'ring-hole*,
But, be that matter as it will,
The place was bleſt and is ſo ſtill:
'Tis here the *Madam* of't repairs
With holy Prieſt, to ſay her prayers,
Receive his daily abſolution,
For thoſe good things ſhe does make uſe on,
And purg'd from ſins 'gainſt God and Men,
Is ready to begin again.
To this bleſt place, by heav'n admir'd
Our Lady and her Prieſt retir'd.
We'll let the ceremony paſs,
Of croſſing, bleſſing, private maſs,

And ſuch like pow'rs in his Poſſeſſion,
With all the tricks of his profeſſion;
But having ſum'd up all her crimes,
And made her count out forty times,
Her ſparkling beads, as he had taught her,
He waſhed her clean in *Holy water*.

The ceremony now being ended,
And all her worldly fractures mended,
A ſubject of a diff'rent kind,
Now occupy'd her Grace's mind,
With heart-felt grief, ſhe heav'd a ſigh,
And begg'd his *Reverence* would draw nigh.

" Oh Father! what have I to tell,
" Alas! you know it but too well:
" The world muſt know it; 'tis in vain,
" I can't conceal my grief and pain:
" Aſſiſt me then, my Dear Molloy,
" Aſſiſt, reſtore my Darling Boy.
" Admidſt a ſea of paſſions toſt,
" I ſee my Jackey, Jackey, loſt,
" My Dear, my lovely, only Son,
" With fortune, power, and friends, undone,
" His life expoſed, his fame cried down,
" And ſung in ballads thro' the Town.
" Oh! why is birth or fortune priz'd
" When Ormond's Heir is thus deſpis'd?
" Are thoſe the fruits of all my care?
" Are thoſe the ills I'm like to bear?
" How of't with fervour have I pray'd,
" To bleſſed Lady for her aid,
" When his eſtate was in the lurch,
" And he was *forc'd* to *turn* to *Church*.

" The

" The Queen of heaven, as I deſir'd,
" With holy grace my Jack inſpir'd:
" He knew the doctrine of *intention*,
" That laws and oaths were man's invention,
" And of't to me (with truth) has ſaid,
" Inſide Church doors he'd never tread.
" Oh Father, Father, how I'm troubled
" For his misfortunes in this world!
" To give him power, what ſums I've ſpent,
" Nay bought a *ſeat in Parliament*,
" But here I fail'd to give him weight,
" His name not known among the great,
" His *vote* or *Intereſt* not worth thanking,
" And all his power, is power of *franking*.
" Have I not, when in want of caſh,
" Deprived one park of Oak and Aſh,
" And all the beauteous Thorn beſide,
" The country's boaſt, and Carrick's pride?
" And when I ſtill found want of more,
" Cut down the timber in Dunmore?
" For which, (if true what ſome folks ſay)
" I'm curs'd by all who go that way:
" But that you know, can't make me worſe,
" I keep a *purgatory purſe*
" Which, were the Caſtle itſelf at ſtake,
" I'll *never*, *never*, *never*, break."

At this the *Reverend ſage Molloy*,
Prick'd up his ears with heart-felt joy,
The ſound of *purſe* inſpir'd him more,
Than all the things ſhe'd ſaid before;
Of his advice he knew ſhe'd need,
And thus begun his uſual *creed*.

" Moſt

" Moſt honour'd Madam, pray attend,
" The counſel of an humble friend;
" Belov'd of heaven above this life,
" Stoop not to acts of common ſtrife,
" In fortune great, and great in power,
" Thy bounteous hand, at ev'ry hour
" Is ready to diſpoſe relief,
" To thoſe poor Prieſts of our belief,
" And ſhe who ſtops the *Church* complaints,
" Stands high enroll'd among the *Saints*;
" For this ſhall Fathers night and day,
" With unremitting ardour pray,
" The *Pope* himſelf, our *God* and *King*
" His months and twelve months minds ſhall ſing,
" Untill the ſoul be purg'd ſo clean,
" A trace of ſin ſhall not remain,
" Then as the power to him is given,
" He'll place you high in upper heaven.
" Deſpiſe all envious world, and ſhew
" That all their power is far below,
" A Lady of your rank and ſtate,
" They can't offend, you're much too great:
" Adviſe the *Squire*, he muſt improve,
" There's nothing like a *mother's love*."
" Ah! holy Sire, there was a time,
" When my advice was not a crime,
" May curſes light on *Doctor Mun!*
" 'Tis he that has my Boy undone:
" This is the hour, I'll ring to know,
" Perhaps the *Doctor* waits below;
" To enter here he has not grace,
" We'll meet him in the uſual place."

The

Doctor Edmund Butler - a well known Kidney Physician.

The *Doctor*, faithful to his hour,
Obedient to the call of power,
Was come in turn to depoſit,
His *daily lie* in *Madam*'s *cloſet*;
Where being come, ſhe now was ſeated,
Nor for the *Doctor* long had waited;
He enter'd, made his aukward bow,
Humm'd out ſome words, as "Madam, how
"Do you do to day? I hope all's right,
"And that you reſted well laſt night?
"Reſt well, Sir? No: my reſt has fled,
"'Tis you that now diſturb my head:
"You've led my Darling Son aſtray,
"And all his worth is thrown away,
"On *Jades* and *Fellows vile* and *low*,
"Whom once he would not deign to know;
"But ſince he's fix'd himſelf on you,
"Lo! Vice and folly's all his view."
"Madam," quoth he, "I muſt deny
"The charge you make, it was not *I*,
"But *you*, that firſt adviſ'd him to't,
"*My duty* led me to purſue it."
"What, Sir," quoth ſhe, "was't I that made
"My Son begin this wicked trade?
"Was't I that choſe his filthy train
"Of *Jades*, at *Plunket*'s, in Back-Lane?
"Was't I that made him purchaſe *delf*,
"To ornament a *minxe*'s *ſhelf*,
"Then buy them back, as if a ſtranger,
"To make a preſent at the *Ranger*?
"Was't I that made him quit his Friends?
"Or who is it that recommends,

"Thoſe

" Thoſe *villains*, who, with greateſt eaſe,
" Can *Rob* and *murder* as they pleaſe?"
" Madam, quoth he, " be not ſurpriſed,
" 'Twas not by me he was adviſed;
" 'Twas you who firſt did recommend
" *Electioneering* to our friend,
" And ſaid, you'd ſpare no coſt or pains,
" To ſee him *lead* this town in *chains:*
" 'Twas then he formed thoſe connexions,
" To which you now have ſuch objections:
" The town he has without diſpute,
" And all the *oppoſition* mute,
" The *Board* and Council all his own,
" Nor dare they make one ſingle moan;
" Like School-boys whipt, they kiſs the rod,
" And bleſs the ground on which he trod."
The Dutcheſs roſe, and bow'd her head,
To indicate enough was ſaid,
She ſeem'd to quit the room with ſorrow,
And begg'd they'd meet again to-morrow.

END OF THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

Circular